



*A magazine
published by the
students of*

DEPARTMENT OF PHYSICS
SCHOOL OF MATHEMATICAL SCIENCES
RAMAKRISHNA MISSION VIVEKANANDA UNIVERSITY
BELUR MATH, HOWRAH

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UNMESH

A Manifestation of Creativity

An effort of
the students of
The Department of Physics
School of Mathematical Sciences
Ramakrishna Mission Vivekananda University
Belur Math, Howrah

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Editorial

“ Look deep into nature, and then you will understand everything better. ”

Albert Einstein

Nature is a great teacher. She is perhaps the greatest teacher to the class of her ‘most intelligent’ students – the class of *Homo sapiens*. She is a caring but strict teacher. One of her lessons is scripted in the disciplined march of ants. These tiny creatures can do big things. They have an incredible sense of duty, selflessness and co-operation. A train of busy ants seem to whisper in the air : ‘If man can’t, think men can.’

Since ancient times, men have preferred to live and work in groups. From a family of blood-relations to a team of players or artists, from a band of construction workers to the mammoth battalion of armed forces of a country, collective efforts work wonders. Teamwork divides hardships and hazards among all. Teamwork multiplies the probability and joy of triumph. It does away with social differences. It promotes harmony. It is a step in the direction of peace. Spirituality also speaks of oneness of man and his fellow men. A symbol of peace and purity is the colour white; the Sun brews a perfect amalgum of all the seven colours of the rainbow and bestows beams of white light on the Earth. As a matter of fact, quantum physics “reveals a basic oneness of the Universe”. Quite often, however, vices raise their hoods and veil the pristine glow of unity.

We believe in teamwork. With a common goal in mind, we have always tried to work together, avoiding distractions, to give our best. UNMESH is a consequence and a reflection of the spirit of our bonding, our unity. The attempt for the second volume of the magazine of the Physics department has been inspired by the success of the first one. This volume, although thinner, contains, in addition to poems, stories and photographs, a section on quiz.

We express our heart-felt gratitude to our respected Vice-Chancellor Srimat Swami Atmapriyananda Maharaj, Head of the Department Prof. Debashis Gangopadhyay and other faculty members, and everyone else who have supported us in bringing out the second volume of UNMESH. We thank all those who have made contributions to our magazine. We convey our apology for the publication being delayed by two months owing to unavoidable circumstances. And we would like to see UNMESH continue its motion through the freshers’ and farewell programmes in the coming years.

We hope that this volume, like its predecessor, would not disappoint its readers. Any error that may have crept in inadvertently is regretted.

We seek the blessings of Thakur Sri Ramakrishna, Maa Sarada and Swamiji to make the second volume of UNMESH a success like the first one.

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ও মেয়ে, তুই বন্ধু হবি?

রাহুল কর্মকার
দ্বিতীয় বর্ষ

ও মেয়ে, তুই বন্ধু হবি?
এক আকাশ গল্প হবে,
মধ্যেখানে ব্যস্ত শহর, কয়েক শতক পেরিয়ে যাবে।
ও মেয়ে, তুই বন্ধু হলে
শীতের সকাল, লেপ-কাঁথা ভোর —
বিছানা ছেড়ে এক কাপ চায়ে মুখ ডোবাবো,
নতুন করে আবার তোকে খুঁজতে যাব।
ও মেয়ে, তুই বন্ধু হবি?
নদীর বুকে মেঘ জমাবো,
বৃষ্টি হয়ে নতুন তালে মেঘপরীদের গান শোনাবো।
ও মেয়ে, তুই বন্ধু হলে
খোয়াই হয়ে পথ বিছাবো,
হয়তো সময় থমকে যাবে,
বল মেয়ে, তুই বন্ধু হবি?
এমন অনেক কবিতা হবে, কবিতা দিয়ে তোকেই ছোঁবো,
বল মেয়ে, তুই বন্ধু হবি?

আত্মকেন্দ্রিক

অনিরুদ্ধ চক্রবর্তী
দ্বিতীয় বর্ষ

মাঝেমধ্যেই দেখা হয় তার সাথে,
নিবিড় নিশীথ পূর্ণিমা হোক
বা তমসাঘন অমাবস্যা,
মাবারাতের নিস্তব্ধতায়
অনিয়মের রাস্তা দিয়ে
বেপরোয়া আগমন হয় তার।
অনেকবার না করেছি,
তবু তার অনাকাঙ্ক্ষিত আগমন
কোনো এক অদ্ভুত প্রত্যয়ে।

একটা অজানা আশঙ্কা কাজ করে।
এটা কি কোনো ভালবাসার ইঞ্জিত?
নাকি কোনো বড়সড় শত্রুতার পূর্বাভাস?
আসে কিছু এলোমেলো অতীত,
আর অনির্দিষ্ট ভবিষ্যতের ঠিকানা নিয়ে।
তাকে তড়িয়ে দিতে আমি অপারক।
তাকে ছাড়া আমিও যে অসম্পূর্ণ,
আমারই মধ্যে মহীরুহ হওয়ার চেষ্টায়
সে এক ব্যতিক্রম, সৃষ্টিছাড়া অন্য একটা আমি॥

এ শহরে, মধ্যরাতে...

অভিষেক চৌধুরী
দ্বিতীয় বর্ষ

এ শহরে, মধ্যরাতে, ল্যাম্পপোস্টের ঘুমন্ত আলোর তলায়

শুয়ে থাকা ট্রামলাইনের

কাটাকুটির উপর কান পাতলে,

হৃৎপিণ্ডের শব্দ শোনা যায়।

ফুটপাথের সাথে সাথে

হৃদয় বিনিময় হয়ে যায় মাঝরাতে,

আমারটা তো আজও আছে

তোর ‘চিলেকোঠার ছাদে’।

তাই আমি আজও ফিরে আসি

তোর বুকের গলিপথে,

অথবা সাজানো অন্দরমহলের

বৃষ্টি-মাখা সাজঘরে।

সবুজ স্নানঘরে জল পড়ে

ভোরবেলা, তোর বাসি

আদুরে শরীরে জলের আল্পনা

আঁকতে থাকে।

আমি মেঘের মেঘমল্লার শূনে

হেঁটে যাই, চৌরঙ্গীর গন্ধ মেখে

ভিজতে থাকি, তোর সাথে,

নেমে আসি তোর সিস্ত শরীরে।

তোর কফি-টেবিলে আজ আবার

তর্ক জমেছে ; শক্তি - সুনীলে,

চিংড়ি - ইলিশে, সত্যজিৎ - মৃণালে, উত্তর - দক্ষিণে,
আমার মৌনতা কখন ভেঙে গেছে
তোর কথার আদরে।
চল একসাথে হেঁটে যাই আজ,
রাস্তা তো চিনি উত্তরাধিকারে,
তোর হাতে হাত দিয়ে, বুকে কান পেতে,
এক শহর ভালবাসা নিতে।

কেন গো মা, অসুরটাকে এমন করে মারো?
 দুষ্ট বলে? দুষ্ট ছেলে হয় না বুঝি কারো?
 তুমি তো মা জগৎমাতা — মন্দ লোকেরও মা
 অসুরটাকে মারতে মনে ব্যথা কি হয় না?
 দুই কন্যে লক্ষ্মী-সরস্বতী, রূপে-গুণে পরী,
 তাইতো বছরের অন্য সময় তাদের পূজাও করি।
 দুই ছেলে কার্তিক-গণেশ — তারাও পূজা পায়,
 পায় না পূজা অসুরই কেবল, এ ভারী অন্যায়।
 অসুরটাকে দেখে মনে দুঃখ হয় বড়,
 পায়ে পড়ি মা গো, এবার তাকে ক্ষমা করো।



The Pain of Loss

Subhankar Mukherjee

2nd year

“Some people are born genius, while some achieve that state through hard work and persistence. What class do you think Christian falls into?” Jennifer asked Elizabeth. “How the hell am I supposed to know that, you moron...? You ask me as if I know Christian from his birth”, came the swift reply. “Everyone knows about you two. Don’t feign ignorance, sweetie pie. You know Christian pretty well. You two have been dating for over a year! I know that, the whole class knows it, very soon the whole college will know it and...”. “I hope she doesn’t say that the whole world will know it,” thought Elizabeth. However some unknown force saved Elizabeth from further embarrassment. Jennifer couldn’t complete her sentence as the Professor entered the class.

Well, Jennifer was right about Christian and Elizabeth. Their relationship could be tagged as more than just friendship. Whether it was love or not, only Christian and God knew. Despite dating Christian for over a year, Elizabeth could not gauge Christian’s thoughts and emotions. She had been very popular since childhood, through adolescence and into adulthood. She had been crowned the Prom Queen during her high-school, and had been the apple of every boy’s eyes. She boasted not only of stunning beauty but also a smart brain, that earned her a place in the envy-list of most girls (provided there was such a list). Her aptitude had placed her in one of the top medical Schools in California : Stanford University, School of Medicine. She was more into being an actress, as most beautiful American girls are, rather than Medicine. Her parents wanted their daughter to be a Doctor, so she obliged without

much resistance.

She knew she was born to be a topper – she had been a topper all her life. She would ace all her exams here too and earn the coveted gold medal. However, when the 1st year results were out, she was shattered... not because she failed, but for the first time in her life, she ranked second and that too with a margin of 30 marks. Well, guess what, who was this bloke? Yeah, you got it right – Christian White, son of Herbert White, the billionaire investor. In a class of 80 students, Elizabeth had no idea who this Christian White was. When Jennifer first pointed out to her, “Hey Liz, look, there goes Christian. Remember, you were asking about him the other day. He is the one, the topper,” all her bitterness of defeat went up in smoke; she fell head over heels in love with Christian.

Soon they started dating each other. Being the son of a billionaire had its own perks. Christian’s birthday gift to Elizabeth was a Volkswagen car. On Valentine’s day, they shared dinner at the most expensive restaurant in Los Angeles, California. He would often take her to movies or orchestra, booking VIP seats. To Elizabeth, she was living a fairy-tale romance.

Christian took his love seriously. He left no stone unturned to express his strong feelings for her. He was far too knowledgeable for a boy of his age. He seemed to know what others were thinking even without their uttering a word. He spoke too little and seldom laughed. He had keen, sharp eyes and a strikingly fair, handsome face. He was versatile in Medical Science and was equally at home with Bible or Shakespeare. He aspired to be a top heart-surgeon in America. Losing his mother at an early age due to Coronary Artery Disease (CAD) had left him emotionally impaired. Even at a hilarious joke, he would barely smile. He had once confided to Elizabeth that after his mother’s death, he did not find much joy or sunshine in life. To him, life was dull, dark and full of pain. *Very soon, Life would test him again.*

Sometimes, negative emotions accumulate over time, distort human personality and give birth to a malevolent action that ends up hurting not only the target, but also the source. A group of girls in the class were jealous of Elizabeth and her near-perfect life. She had great looks and great grades, and she now had a perfect boyfriend. How did God decide that Miss Perfect got everything while they withered away in failures at grades and relationships? The leader of this group, Clara hatched a plot to play a prank on Elizabeth in the coming Cultural Fest, due in two weeks on

September 21. For the plan to work, they needed Jennifer – Elizabeth’s best friend in class.

Days rolled by and very soon the Fest was around the corner. On the day before the event, Jennifer was busy with decorations in the classrooms and re-checking all the programmes and their schedules. She was the head of the Cultural Committee and as the saying goes – ‘Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown’, so was the plight of Jennifer. After being satisfied with her work, when she prepared to leave, she was intercepted by Clara and her minions. “Wait, Jennifer. We need you to do something for us. Tomorrow, after the programme is over, we want you to mix this in Elizabeth’s drink,” said Clara, handing Jennifer a small pouch of white powder.

“No way, I am doing your bidding against my best friend, you witch,” replied Jennifer, flinging it back to Clara, with a wave of hand and started to leave. “You will do as we say, otherwise we will inform the Professor that you smoke inside the College premises. We have videos to back up our claim, and you know very well that smoking inside Stanford University is a serious, punishable offence. Who knows... your parents may get involved and you may be suspended indefinitely. You don’t want that, do you?” came the ominous foreboding from Clara.

“No, no way. You are lying. You cannot possibly have it recorded,” replied Jennifer, her voice cracking, as she knew it in her heart that they were serious. *“I smoke only after meticulously checking my surroundings,” she thought, trying to remember an incident, when she had been too careless.* “So, who do you think this girl is? She looks quite a lot like you,” Clara teased her, holding up her cellphone and playing the video of Jennifer smoking in the parking lot of the University. The other girls in the group burst into a laughter, while Jennifer almost broke into tears. Jennifer was struck with mortal fear.

It took her a while to speak up. “Fine, I will do as you say. But you must give me your word, that the powder is not lethal... Liz won’t die on taking it,” said Jennifer in muted voice. “Oh, no, no, relax sweetie. It’s just coke. She will feel excited for a bit, but she will soon be as healthy as a horse the following morning,” assured Clara, a sly smile playing on her lips. Unable to find a way out of this dire situation, Jennifer took the pouch and left, praying to God that everything would be alright.

The Cultural Fest was a super-success. The Cultural Committee received kudos for their exemplary work. Jennifer was beaming with pride, but at the same time felt sick inside. She would be betraying her best friend later that evening.

Everyone was spectacularly dressed. Loudspeakers blared at their highest pitch, with raps and songs from recent hit albums. The campus was adorned with psychedelic lights that added a vibe of disco to the whole programme. Christian and Elizabeth resembled a royal couple. Their attires dazzled splendidly in the lights. It seemed as if two celebrities from Hollywood had dropped into the Fest. They were the centre of attraction wherever they strolled into. "You look lovely, Miss Perfect and you too, Prince Charming," said Clara, when the two crossed her group. Christian felt a tinge of disgust and hatred in her words. "Oh, thank you very much," came the generous reply from the couple, nevertheless. "You girls look pretty too, in your gowns," added Christian, his voice solemn and sincere. "Please don't embarrass us with flattery, Prince," chuckled a girl from the group. Christian did not reply, but smiled softly. "Well, see you later Clara, and you girls," said Elizabeth waving her palm, as the couple veered past the crowd to meet Jennifer.

Elizabeth asked Christian if she could talk to Jennifer for some time. There was a lot of girl-talk pent-up inside her that needed some venting. Christian gave a low sigh, shrugged in affirmation and walked back, giving the girls some privacy. Elizabeth and Jennifer talked for a long time - Jennifer briefing her about the Herculean tasks she had to undertake, for the programme to meet this huge success; and Elizabeth revealing how much time she had spent the previous night shopping for her dress, bags and sandals that would match up to Christian's. Christian sat behind them, a bit farther away, trying to figure out from their gestures what Jennifer and Elizabeth must be talking about.

This was going to be a memorable night for him. It was on this day, exactly twelve years ago, his mom had left him for the other world. He was reluctant to come to the Fest, but being persuaded by his father, he had given in. "You must move on, son. Don't waste your today, in remorse of what happened yesterday. These days will never come back. Make some great memories with those you love; so that when you look back, you will cherish the bygone days." was what Herbert had said to his son. These words had been playing in Christian's mind ever since he had come to the Fest. He had decided that he would propose his love to Elizabeth on their return.

After about an hour of incessant chatting, Elizabeth felt thirsty. Both the girls went to a drinks-stall nearby. Elizabeth ordered a glass of juice while Jennifer, a glass

of soft drink. "Oops, I have been talking to you for over an hour. Oh, God, I have left Chris all alone for so long. You bring my glass, Jen. Let me apologise to Chris. Poor darling, he must be so bored," exclaimed Elizabeth when she read her watch, and hurriedly paced towards Christian. "This is my chance. I am sorry, Elizabeth, for what I am about to do," thought Jennifer, a shiver running down her spine.

On getting the drinks, Jennifer mixed a small quantity of coke in the juice inconspicuously and stirred it with the straw that came with the glass. "Good job, girl," whispered Clara in Jennifer's ear and patted her shoulder, when Jennifer began to stride towards the couple. Clara was eyeing Jennifer closely from a distance all the time. Christian did not seem to be bothered by his solitude at all. He was mentally preparing the drill of his confession to Elizabeth. When Jennifer reached them, the couple were talking warmly. Jennifer seemed strangely nervous as she handed down the glass to Elizabeth. She did not trust Clara - God knew what she had in mind. Christian was a sharp observer. Seeing the quiver of Jennifer's hands, he blandly commented, "Are you alright, Jennifer? It appears that the juice is poisoned." "No, no, not at all. Who said so?" snapped Jennifer. "Chill, I am just joking," Chris said, smiling appealingly. Both the girls finished their drinks.

It took a while for the drug to take effect. Elizabeth began to lose her focus. She could no longer keep up with what Chris was saying. Her senses felt heightened. She was talking non-sense and became irritable at the slightest provocation. Christian knew something was wrong, but could not understand what. He guessed that the loud music must have gotten into her nerves, and that's why she was behaving improperly. He offered Elizabeth to ride her back home, at which she replied, "No, not at all, my love. I will party all night. You can go back home by yourself. I will see you again tomorrow, *Prince Charming*". Her voice was loud, and the comment seemed more derogatory than a compliment. Christian felt hurt and silently went away. Jennifer knew the reason for Liz's eccentricity, but stayed silent. "I am sorry, Christian", she murmured to herself.

Christian rode back home alone, dejected by the fact that he was unable to propose his love to Elizabeth that night. Elizabeth stayed on for more than two hours in the after-Fest party. Then she started feeling dull and drowsy. Jennifer had left an hour earlier. Unable to walk straight, Elizabeth slowly trudged out of the campus main-gate. It felt as if she had no control over her body. She felt weak at her limbs.

The street lights hurt her eyes. She could not hear automobiles honking at her. The traffic light was still green while she lumbered across the road to board a cab. That was when she met with an accident. A speeding car crashed with her, sending a foam of blood through the road. When she was taken to the hospital, the Doctor declared that she was already dead. It was 10 pm at night. Christian's pet cat Tabby which had been gifted by his mother before she died, also passed away in its sleep that same night.

When Christian woke up next morning, the house-maid informed him that Tabby had died. Christian painfully digested the unpleasant news. Tabby was the last living memory of his mother. He loved Tabby very much, and Tabby was also very attached to him. She was a full grown, chubby cat - thanks to the tasty dishes that Christian pampered her with.

More terrible news awaited him at the University. When Jennifer intimated Elizabeth's death to Christian, it seemed someone had punched a hole in his chest. Jennifer felt so guilty of her actions that she revealed the full plot played by Clara and her group, and how she herself was instrumental in her best friend's death. She kept on sobbing and rambling quietly that she was sorry. Christian was a silent listener. His eyes were lifeless. He seemed to have lost his purpose of life. He had a singular thought in his mind - "Mother, Tabby and Elizabeth died on the same day. So it was you, God, you did it." There was mourning for Elizabeth's death in their Department, and classes were suspended.

Christian did not return home that day; nor was he ever seen in the University, since. His father spent a fortune in searching for him. But no one could trace his whereabouts, no one knew if he was dead or alive. There were rumours that Christian had committed suicide, being unable to withstand the loss. Six months later, Clara and her group of minions were reported missing.

Two Years Later, Russia

A Doctor, assisted by a nurse, operates on a woman of age 25, who has been kidnapped from her home and just brought into the room. The hospital is completely deserted and stands in a desolate town bereft of any inhabitant. No anaesthetic has been used on the patient. The lady is strapped firmly on a bed. Her screams echo

throughout the hospital, as her heart is surgically removed from her body. The only witnesses of this sick and sad spectacle are the Doctor and the Nurse. The Night engulfs this heinous drama before turning quiet again.

Back in California, there is an increasing number of reports of missing women, aged 18-30. Police and detectives are in a bind. There is no trace of the hunter or the victim. It is suspected that a highly skilled group of professionals are involved in this crime.

The Doctor washes his hands and carefully places the fresh heart in a labelled jar. The Nurse takes the jar to another room, where there is an array of similar jars containing human hearts, labelled from 1 to 49. The jar is mounted on a shelf next to number 49. It is Jar 50. Jar number 1 shows the label '*Specimen Name : Clara Reynolds , Student of Stanford University, School of Medicine, ...*' The Nurse returns to the Doctor and congratulates him for another clean operation. She has red hair, beautiful, hazel eyes set in a fair, angel-like face and a plump, luscious body. "Thanks Veronica, we will celebrate once Ralph comes back from California. We have already completed 50 samples. They would pay a handsome amount for these in the black market. Soon we might need to look for places to stash our money," replied the Doctor. At this, the Nurse giggled greedily. They disposed of the body in a furnace adjoining the Hospital. In a matter of minutes, the bloody, stinky, mangled corpse turned into ashes. Having completed their chores, they walked their separate paths.

On his way back, the Doctor was lost in thought. Stopping his walk, he gazed at the full moon in the sky, a peaceful pallor adorning his face. "It's been almost two years, Elizabeth. Still, it seems just like yesterday," murmured the Doctor to himself, as tears trickled down his cheeks.



The Last Gift

Subhankar Mukherjee

2nd year

Roger Stone was a middle-class man who worked in Finance. His wife Evelyn also worked in the same Company, but under the Logistics section. They had been college-buddies. With time, their relationship blossomed into a romantic one. Roger was a decent boy, who excelled in studies but was poor in Sports. He was handsome, though slightly obese, came from a well-to-do family and had polite manners. He neither smoked, nor drunk and nor did he do drugs. It was an absolute rule in Evelyn's family that Evelyn must marry a healthy and well-behaved gentleman. Her parents did not hope for Tom Cruise, Daniel Radcliffe or the Prince of Wales to be her husband. They knew that their daughter was beautiful, but she was definitely no princess, nor a glam-queen. When Evelyn confessed her relationship with Roger to her parents, her parents consented to the proposal of marriage without much dispute. Roger's parents too found a prospective daughter in Evelyn. Thus, it was a thumbs up from both sides.

Soon after marriage, Evelyn gave birth to a girl. They named the child Athena after the mythical goddess of Athens, Greece. If life had seemed to be too busy before her birth, imagine what it must be after Athena was born. Athena had blue eyes like her mother, and dark chocolate brown hair like her father. Time fled away faster, as days rolled to months, and months to years. Athena who was just a little thing yesterday was now a cute, chubby toddler, three years old.

Athena was a gifted child. She had an ability to learn faster than other infants of her age. At three, when most children were getting acquainted with alphabets

and numbers, she had started reading. She loved Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, Cinderella and other fairy tales. Seeing the remarkable progress of their daughter, the parents decided to enrol her in a school. They wanted to self-teach her at home for a year, before sending her to school. When both of them were out for work, Athena was under the protective wings of her Granny. Granny would tell her stories of knights and princesses, angels, mermaids, fairies among many others, and Athena would listen with rapt attention; she would give occasional shrieks of amazement, as she painted the characters of the story alive with her imagination. Being highly intelligent for her age, she would often ask probing questions to her Granny, if she made a careless mistake in her narration. Once in a story, when her Granny said, 'The Knight was thirsty and drank water from the sea', Athena revolted, 'No Granny, sea water is salty and full of germs. If the Knight drinks it, he will die. He must boil the water and distil it before drinking.' 'Oh sorry, sweetheart, you are absolutely right. I messed up. It was a freshwater spring,' replied Granny, dabbing at the beads of perspiration in her forehead, thinking to herself, 'Since when did three year olds know about saltiness and boiling? I was more than twice her age, when I knew what a sea was. Good God!'

Athena was no-doubt a gifted child, but every rose plant has its thorns. She had a terrible weakness for stuffed animals, as most little girls and even some big ones do. Walking down the road with her parents, if she spotted a stuffed tiger, elephant or teddy bear that had met her interest, she would pull tantrums and fret in the middle of the road until she bagged her coveted trophy. Evelyn would scold Roger, saying that if he continued to pamper their daughter, she would end up being spoilt. When Roger noticed the sparkling eyes of Athena embracing her newly-acquired stuffed toy, he would be happy that he bought it for her. 'Thank you, Papa. I love you,' came the sweet, innocent voice. Hearing it, Roger would be shot to the seventh heaven. Most of these animals were even bigger than Athena in size. Athena had a ritual of naming every single one of her stuffed animals. Naming them gave her a sense that they belonged to her family.

One day, Roger was taking Athena to a parlour to trim her hair. On her way, she noticed two giant teddy bears showcased in a shop. This pair was special— it was Mr. Teddy and Mrs. Teddy holding hands. She did not have a Teddy Bear couple in her collection and wanted it at all costs. She told her father to buy it and carefully

detailed her reasons on why it was so important. Roger could see her point of view and promised her to buy it the next day, on his return from office, since he did not have much money with him. She delightfully nodded her head in affirmation. She was ready to wait for a day to get her special combo.

On the following day, Roger and Evelyn stepped out of their office building, after having done their quota of work for the day. The shop was a short distance away from their office. On his walk to the bus-stop, Roger bought the Teddy-couple. Evelyn was frankly surprised and chided her husband, 'Oh God, Roger, you know she has a whole museum of these. Why do you keep buying these for her?' Roger smiled broadly and replied, 'No, this one's special. She wants it badly.' Evelyn shrugged and complied – they had had too many arguments over this before. Moreover, she was tired after the day's work.

The bus arrived at its scheduled time. At the moment of boarding the bus, Roger caught sight of their neighbour's car coming up the road. He broke out of the line and shouted, waving his hand, 'Hey Daniel, wait up'. The car stopped behind the bus. 'Yeah, what's up, Roger?' came the reply. 'Can you do me a favour, man? Evelyn and I are gonna have dinner at a restaurant tonight, so we would be late. Can you please deliver this Teddy-couple to my home? Athena has been dying to get it. You know how much she loves these stuff, don't you? So, can you please do it?' said Roger. 'Yeah, absolutely no problem, mate', said Daniel. Roger placed the package in the front seat, thanked Daniel and raced back to the bus. Evelyn looked at him, puzzled. Why did he suddenly hand Daniel the Teddy-pair? He told Evelyn that they were going to have supper at a restaurant, and that's why they would be late to return home. 'Why dinner in a restaurant sudde...?' she trailed off before exclaiming, 'Oh my God, you remembered! I can't believe you remembered our anniversary. God, I swear, I completely forgot it!' Roger laughed heartily and said, 'That caught you off guard, huh?'

Roger had already booked two seats in an expensive restaurant. He wanted to surprise his wife, and had so far been successful in it. The bus maintained a steady pace, exchanging passengers at regular intervals along the road. Evelyn was recounting incidents from their bygone days - how they had met in college, how they would bunk classes to watch movies, their adventure in college excursion... And Roger played a silent listener, making short comments in between.

Suddenly, a man standing at the far end of the bus shouted at the top of his voice, ‘May God have mercy on this Cursed Land’ and opened his jacket wide. It was rigged with explosives. People screamed at the top of their lungs. Within seconds, the whole bus blasted into flames. Mayhem broke loose on the traffic. Police arrived late in the scene of crime, only to find that not a single passenger had survived.

Fifteen Years Later

‘I don’t remember their faces. The pictures taken, when I was small, serve as a reminiscence of how my parents looked. Since their deaths, I have never bought a stuffed animal. The Teddy-couple was the last gift from them. I named them after my parents - Roger and Evelyn. So now you know why I love Roger and Evelyn so much. Come here, Raphael, I will show you the photos of my parents,’ said Athena, pulling me by hand.

I met her in college. I always knew we had a connection - both of us were named after angels and we both lost our parents at an early age. Unable to cope with the news of my dad’s death, my mother took excess sleeping pills and passed away in her sleep, the same night. I gazed into Athena’s blue eyes, and wondered if I would ever be able to share a secret that gnawed at my heart. I felt that I was not yet ready for her reaction. My father died on the same night as her parents – he was the suicide bomber in the bus.

The Lunch-mate

Sucheta Datta

2nd year

“This dal tastes good. Doesn’t it?”

A well-dressed man in his 40’s put the question across the table where sat a bespectacled man with a greying beard busy in gobbling down the lunch spread. The latter did not look up or utter a word in reply to the stranger’s question. He only nodded his head in agreement.

Several minutes passed without any conversation between the two men at the two sides of the small table. It stood unobtrusive at a corner of a well-known restaurant. The remaining tables, larger in dimensions and decorations, were in want of occupants. The LED screen was waiting for viewers. Waiters were scarce as were the eaters. The woman at the cash counter had a little work in hand; she busied herself with her phone. This being the lunch time, the crowd was much thinner than the one that usually populated it in the evening and dinner time. Smaller eateries that served lunch at cheaper rates had people almost jostling with one another for a seat. These food joints were popular among people of all classes and ages. These stood around their relatively well-off cousin with a heart swollen with fortune and pride, at least in the lunch hours.

The younger man broke the silence once again. “The fish curry is too spicy, isn’t it?” The older man now glanced at his companion through his bifocal glasses and said, “Hmm”.

The interaction ended at that space-time point – both men resorted to lunching,

the silence being interrupted occasionally by the whirring ceiling fans and the clanging crockery.

The younger man upon satisfying his appetite left. The older man finished a while later and got up to pay for his 'thali'.

The woman at the cash counter refused the price, saying politely, "Your bill has already been paid, Sir."

"What?", the customer was perplexed. "When did I pay? No... no, I haven't paid, I've just finished my lunch. How is it that I've already footed my bill?" he added, shaking his head vigorously. "You are mistaking me for someone else."

"No Sir, I haven't mistaken you. Your bill has been paid by someone else," the cashier replied in her usual calm, courteous voice.

"Someone else has paid for me?" The man was overwhelmed with surprise and disbelief. His round eyes seemed to pop out of their sockets; he couldn't trust his ears. Before he could gulp down the fact, the woman spoke up.

"The man who sat opposite to you has paid for you. He asked me for your bill and added it to his. Giving me the price, he himself confessed that he had been your student quite a long time back. He recognised you the moment you came in. But you couldn't."

The old teacher listened to the tale without a word. After it concluded, he was at a loss of words. He smiled faintly at the woman and checked out. Did the artificial lamps inside deceive his eyes? He closed them and then opened them and strained them in all the four directions. The afternoon lanes were neither too full nor too empty. Not a single face his eyes met matched with the one he desired. Taking off his gold-rimmed glasses that glowed with the sun, he wiped them before putting them back in position. He looked about once again in the hope of finding the known stranger. If only he knew that his lunch-mate was one of his 'good boys' who had become the 'Past' – a blurred memory, a rare species at the 'Present' instant.

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An Experiment

Sucheta Datta

2nd year

“So, we still have twenty-five packets left intact. What to do with these?” Arati called out.

“Then each of us can have two packets more,” suggested Sarbani.

“Yes, thinking of dinner with this again?” Shreshtha jeered at her.

“The kochuris won’t taste that good. Cold kochuris... yuck,” Purobi commented.

“Oh, shut up. I’d fry them afresh,” Sarbani shot back.

“I have a suggestion.” It was Ritu’s turn to join in.

“Yeah, say what you want to,” Arati said.

“Let’s distribute these among the kids who live on the pavements just outside the college-gate. What do you say?” Ritu responded in a unwavering voice.

“Good idea.” Zaira put in.

“Yup, it will be a great thing.” Purobi poured out her support.

“Hmm... go ahead, do it and become famous. Good way to find fame.” Shrestha mocked.

“Oh no, pessimistic again. Can’t you think anything positive? I support this idea of Ritu,” Zaira spoke up again.

“Ah yes, I remember one such incident. In school, we had some celebration and at the end there were some food-packets left. We distributed those among the orphans who lived in our school premises. You can’t just imagine how happy they were.” I recounted.

“I too like the suggestion,” entered Ketoki.

“Yes, I am there with you, Ritu. Last year, Purobi and I went inside Azad Hind Bag

to feast, and some poor children almost snatched away our lunch-packets.” Shubhra added.

“So, I think many are favouring this option, isn’t it?” inquired Torsa.

“Come on. Decide fast. I’m getting late. I’ll miss my train.” Malini was, as usual, in a hurry to return home.

“Yes, do what you like, waste no time.” Sanchita came forward in Malini’s support.

“Hmm. Wait no more. What are you looking for? Pick up these packets and come out.” Evidently, Shubhra was enthused with Ritu’s suggestion.

“Yes, coming...” Ritu smiled at her.

“Will those kids take these from us?” Shrestha was doubtful.

“Certainly, they will. Come along. And watch out for yourself.” I concluded the conversation.

The girls (most of them) enthusiastically took the food-packets in their hands and filed out of the Centenary hall. The disinterested ones too followed them. Arati switched off the lights and the reunion afternoon plunged into the dark depths of memories.

* * * * *

“Good afternoon, everyone.” Her address silenced the lowest murmurs. The reminiscences round of the reunion was going on.

“I am Shubhra Nag of 2012-15 Honours batch. I am presently working as a Physics teacher in a high school.” She spoke quite confidently, taking care of the pitch of voice and the range and frequency of words. Ten years of being a graduate had tamed her spirits.

“I am extremely honoured to find an opportunity to speak before a distinguished audience here. I must thank Asima ma’am for this. Being a part of the first women’s college in Asia is a matter of pride. When we were students here, in a reunion like this, we had learnt of some snippets of its history. The student strength of each batch was small at the time of admission and even that fell to one or two at the end of the course. The girls who left after graduating were awarded a certain amount of gold and silver. Our college has come a long way since then. Nandini-di had once mentioned

that our college was our 'baaper-bari'. And this is very true." The last line Shubhra uttered sounded somewhat hollow and forced to me.

She continued. "Here we had some wonderful teachers who made us feel at home. When we first came here, we were just pass-outs from school; we came from different boards, from different districts, from different family backgrounds. We were all strangers to one another. As time elapsed, we became friends, very close, very loyal friends. We talked and laughed a lot whenever we had breaks as if we had known each other for long. We helped each other in readings and graphs, in solving numericals, in sorting out problems of all sorts."

"Since we were a united lot, we could plan and execute successfully, the programmes for the freshers and for the outgoing batch; particularly, the Teachers' day programme in our last year here. In fact, we ourselves and those who knew us were quite surprised at our unity. It is a common notion that girls can't do a thing together without any conflict. We too had conflicts but our unity overshadowed everything else. Each of us considered it as the only...," Shubhra hesitated a bit, probably upon meeting my disapproving face, "... the biggest gift we had ever received here. And we treasure this gift till today. That's why we try to attend the reunion of our department every year."

Shubhra paused for a quarter-minute. We – her classmates, twenty-one in number, were reliving our college-days with her. And I could sense that the 'distinguished audience' – the women of all ages who had once spent days in their 'baaper-bari', either as the teacher or the taught, were listening to Shubhra with rapt attention.

"In our third year, we were in charge of the refreshments and cultural segment of the reunion. After the programme ended, there were twenty-five food-packets left. That incident is still fresh in my mind. Majority of our classmates resolved to distribute the packets among the street children. We handed those over not only to the kids who lived just outside the college-gate but to the man who sold roses, to the parrot-astrologer and a few Bhutia shopkeepers on the other side of Bidhan Sarani. All of them were happy. We too returned home happily. I had read somewhere, 'Do you want to see God face to face? Serve a man in distress and see God smiling in his face.' We might have met God then."

Shubhra's words were followed by a silence of awe. She had really matured as a speaker. With a short pause, she resumed.

"We all passed out of college and went away from each other. But what remained

with us always was our unity, our true friendship. Many of us began collecting excess food from hotels, get-together parties and distributing it among the poor in our own localities. We do the same when we have some gatherings at home and ask our close ones to follow. We have some women who volunteer in this endeavour. We convince the authorities where excess food can be obtained; often we face strong dissent during collection. Also, we can't collect eatables left after grand dinners because of security reasons at late night.

So a lot more can be done. We have no proper association for this purpose. We all know that too many people in our country go hungry everyday. Nowadays foodbanks are gaining popularity and importance in Kolkata. So I appeal to you all to help us in any way you can or want to; we'd like to have your advice, your suggestions; we'd like you to join us in this little effort."

Before the reunion afternoon plunged into the dark depths of memories again, the Centenary hall witnessed an episode of appreciation, acknowledgement, suggestions and promises. And then the pavements of Hedua witnessed around forty women giving food-packets to the children. There was no camera to hold still any of those moments.

* * * * *

My phone had beeped a while ago. A message from a schoolmate had arrived. A long message had come through a long distance. Distances had, however, become virtually shorter in the age of high-end technology. It being a lazy Sunday afternoon, I began to scroll down the message to get the gist of it. All it said was that a bevy of women did a commendable job in collecting left-over edible items and giving the same to the poor in north Kolkata and at the same time urged everyone to come forward in their mission. I smiled. I wondered if those words that had spread far and wide (which was quite surprising) would translate into action; the action could at most be expected to be confined to theory, but would it be ever taken up as an experiment? Let Time answer this.

ক্যুইজ

দেবরাজ দাস
বিদ্যার্থী গবেষক

রোজকার লেখাপড়ার বাইরের কিছু মজার প্রশ্ন নিয়ে তৈরী এই বিভাগটির তিনটি অংশ রয়েছে - ‘আমি কে?’, ‘বল দেখি’ এবং ‘চেনো কি?’। প্রশ্নগুলির উত্তর পরের পাতায় দেওয়া আছে, আগেভাগে দেখে নিলে কিন্তু চলবে না।

আমি কে?

১৮৩০ এর দশকে তিন বন্ধু স্যামুয়েল, জোসেফ এবং অ্যালফ্রেডের হাতে আমার জন্ম। ‘Dit’ এবং ‘Dah’ - এই দুটি ছন্দ দিয়ে চিহ্ন, শব্দ, আলো, রেডিও সিগন্যালের মাধ্যমে খুব সহজেই আমাকে পাঠানো যায়। মোবাইল প্রস্তুতকারক কোম্পানি নোকিয়া প্রথমদিকে তাদের ‘Special’ ও ‘Ascending’ মেসেজ এ্যালাট টোন হিসাবে আমাকে ব্যবহার করেছিল। আমি কে?

বল দেখি

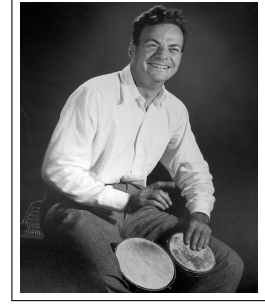
- ১। ভারতের কোন প্রধানমন্ত্রী একদিনও সংসদ ভবনে যাননি?
- ২। একটি কমিক চরিত্র বামপন্থী না ডানপন্থী - এই নিয়ে ১৯৯৯ সালে ফরাসী পার্লামেন্টে একটি বিতর্ক হয়। কোন চরিত্র?
- ৩। ভারতরত্ন পদকটি একটি গাছের পাতার মত দেখতে। কোন গাছের পাতা?
- ৪। শয়তানের উকিল (Devil’s Advocate) কাদের বলা হয়?

- ৫। “Mr. Watson - come here - I want to see you.” - এটি একজন বিজ্ঞানী একটি আবিষ্কারের পর তাঁর সহকারীকে বলেছিলেন। কোন বিজ্ঞানী? কি আবিষ্কার? কথাটি কেন বিখ্যাত?
- ৬। ভারতীয় নৌসেনাতে সব বিভাগের সেরা ক্যাডেটকে (The Best all-round Cadet) কি দিয়ে পুরস্কৃত করা হয়?
- ৭। কি থেকে ভয়কে বলা হয় টারডেকাফোবিয়া (Terdekaphobia)?
- ৮। ১৯১৯ সালে আর্নেস্ট উডরাফ এবং তাঁর কয়েকজন বন্ধু নিউইয়র্কের গ্যারান্টি ব্যাঙ্ক থেকে ঋণ নিয়ে একটি কোম্পানি কেনেন। ঋণের জন্যে ঐ কোম্পানির একটি গোপন তথ্য কাগজে লিখে ঐ ব্যাঙ্কেরই একটি সিন্দুক বন্ধক রাখতে হয়। কোন কোম্পানির কথা বলা হচ্ছে এবং গোপন তথ্যটি কি?
- ৯। কোন সোশ্যাল নেটওয়ার্কিং সাইটের লোগো কয়েকটি বৃত্তের প্রতিচ্ছদ নিয়ে তৈরি?
- ১০। ইংরেজরা একজন ভারতীয়কে স্যর রজার ডলার বলে ডাকত। তিনি কে?
- ১১। থিওডোর রুজভেল্ট, উড্রো উইলসন এবং বারাক ওবামা - এই তিন মার্কিন রাষ্ট্রপতির মধ্যে মিল কোথায়?
- ১২। সত্যজিৎ রায় পরিচালিত ‘পথের পাঁচালি’ ছায়াছবির সংগীত পরিচালক কে?
- ১৩। ১৯৮৩ সালে ভানু আথাইয়া প্রথম ভারতীয় হিসাবে অস্কার পেয়েছিলেন। কোন ছবির জন্যে, কোন বিভাগে?
- ১৪। কম্পিউটার মাউসের নড়াচড়া কোন এককে মাপা হয়?
- ১৫। একদিনের আন্তর্জাতিক ক্রিকেটে কে সর্বপ্রথম দিশতরান করেন?
- ১৬। $x^2 + y^2 = a^2$, $\frac{x^2}{a^2} + \frac{y^2}{b^2} + \frac{z^2}{c^2} = 1$, $(a - \sqrt{x^2 + y^2})^2 + z^2 = b^2$ - এই তিনটি সমীকরণের মধ্যে দক্ষিণ ভারতীয় যোগাযোগটি কি?
- ১৭। কোন যুদ্ধে মা দুর্গার কপাল থেকে মা কালী সৃষ্টি হন বলে প্রচলিত?
- ১৮। একজন ফিলোগ্রাফিস্ট কি সংগ্রহ করেন?

চেনো কি?



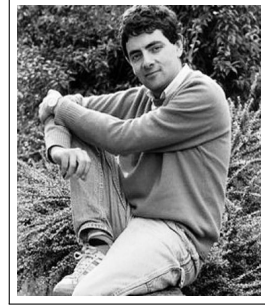
৯।১ নং ছবি। ভারতীয় বায়ুসেনার এই কম্যান্ডারের নাম কি?



৯।২ নং ছবি। ইনি সবার পরিচিত। প্রশ্নটি হল ইনি কি বাজাচ্ছেন?



৯।৩ নং ছবি। এই স্থাপত্যটির নাম কি?



৯।৪ নং ছবি। কে এই বিখ্যাত ইলেক্ট্রিক্যাল ইঞ্জিনিয়ার?

আমি কে?

মর্স কোড, স্যামুয়েল মর্স-এর নামে আমার নামকরণ হয়। নোকিয়া 'SMS' ও তাদের ট্যাগলাইন 'Connecting People' - এই দুটির মর্স কোড যথাক্রমে 'Special' ও 'Ascending' মেসেজ এ্যালাট টোন হিসাবে ব্যবহার করে।

বল দেখি

১। চৌধুরী চরন সিং ২। টিনটিন ৩। অশ্বথ ৪। কোন ব্যক্তিকে ক্যাথলিক চার্চ সন্ত উপাধি (Sainthood) প্রদান করলে তার বিরোধিতা করে যারা ৫। আলেকজান্ডার গ্রাহাম বেল, টেলিফোন আবিষ্কার। ১০ মার্চ, ১৮৭৬ সালে এটিই টেলিফোনে বলা প্রথম কথা, তিনি তাঁর সহকারী থমাস ওয়াটসনকে ডেকেছিলেন ৬। দূরবীন ৭। ১৩ সংখ্যাটি থেকে ভয় ৮। কোকা-কোলা কোম্পানি, গোপন তথ্যটি কোকা-কোলার রেসিপি, ১৯২৫ সালে তারা ঋণ শোধ করে ঐ কাগজটি ফেরত পায় ৯। টুইটার, ২০১২ সালের ৫ই জুন থেকে ১০। নবাব সিরাজ-উদ্-দৌলা, ইংরেজরা এই নামটি উচ্চারণ করতে পারত না ১১। প্রত্যেকেই রাষ্ট্রপতি থাকাকালীন নোবেল শান্তি পুরস্কার পেয়েছেন ১২। পণ্ডিত রবিশঙ্কর ১৩। গান্ধী ছবির জন্যে, পোষাক পরিকল্পনা (costume design) বিভাগে ১৪। মিকি (Mickey) ১৫। অস্ট্রেলিয়ার বেলিন্ডা ক্লার্ক, ১৯৯৭ সালে মহিলা ক্রিকেট বিশ্বকাপে ডেনমার্কের বিরুদ্ধে অপরাজিত ২২৯ রান করেন ১৬। দক্ষিণ ভারতীয় খাবার, বৃৎ - ধোসা, ইলিপ্সয়েড - ইডলি, টরাস - বরা ১৭। শুল্ক নিশুস্তের যুদ্ধে ১৮। অটোগ্রাফ।

চেনো কি?

৯।১। ভারতের প্রথম মহাকাশচারী রাকেশ শর্মা ৯।২। বিজ্ঞানী রিচার্ড ফিলিপ্স ফাইনম্যান বগো বাজাচ্ছেন

- ৯।৩। বিবি কা মক্‌বারা, ঔরঞ্জাবাদ শহরে অবস্থিত, ১৬৭৮ সালে ঔরঞ্জাভেবের পুত্র আজম শাহ তাঁর মা বেগম রাবেয়া দুরানির স্মৃতিতে তৈরি করেন, তাজমহলের সাথে সাদৃশ্যের জন্য একে দক্ষিণাত্যের তাজও বলা হয়
- ৯।৪। রোয়ান অ্যাটকিনসন, মিস্টার বিন চরিত্রে অভিনয় করার জন্য সুপরিচিত।

So

Photographs

Contributions from various photographers amongst us.



RKMVU illuminated during Yoga Fest, 2017

Pradeepta Kumar Ghose
2nd Year



প্রথম আলো

অনিবৃদ্ধ চক্রবর্তী
দ্বিতীয় বর্ষ



Blue Beauty

Arbab Seal
2nd Year



Arch-series

Pradeepta Kumar Ghose
2nd Year



Polygon

Pradeepta Kumar Ghose
2nd Year



অস্তিত্বের জন্য সংগ্রাম

অনিরুদ্ধ চক্রবর্তী
দ্বিতীয় বর্ষ



বনপাহাড়ির ছায়ার তলে, খুব পুরনো আড্ডা হলে,
এমন অনেক গল্প হত, বাঁধিয়ে রাখি ছবির মত,
বয়স অনেক গল্প বলে, কিছু হাসি আর চোখের জলে।

রাহুল কর্মকার
দ্বিতীয় বর্ষ



Physics department of RKMVU (on August 8, 2016)



Our Professors



Our scholars



2nd year students (2015-17 batch) with Abhijit Sir and Ashik Sir



1st year students (2016-18 batch)